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BIOGRAPHY.

A sketch of the life of the late Rev. JOHN COWPER, A. M. written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq. of the Inner Temple, author of "The Task," &c. faithfully transcribed from his original manuscript. By the Rev. John Newton.

As soon as it had pleased God, after a long and sharp season of conviction, to visit me with the consolations of his grace, it became one of my chief concerns, that my relations might be made partakers of the same mercy. In the first letter I wrote to my brother, I took occasion to declare what God had done for my soul, and am not conscious, that from that period down to his last illness I wilfully neglected an opportunity of engaging him, if it were possible, in conversation of a spiritual kind. When I left St. Alban's, and went to visit him at Cambridge, my heart being full of the subject, I poured it out before him without reserve; and in all my subsequent dealings with him, so far as I was enabled, took care to show that I had received, not merely a set of notions, but a real impression of the truths of the gospel.

At first I found him ready enough to talk with me upon these subjects; sometimes he would dispute, but always without heat or animosity, and sometimes would endeavour to reconcile the difference of our sentiments, by supposing that, at the bottom, we were both of a mind, and meant the same thing.*

* ——— I had a brother once—
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too—
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,

He was a man of a most candid and ingenuous spirit; his temper remarkably sweet; and in his behaviour to me, had always manifested an uncommon affection. His outward conduct, so far as it fell under my notice, or I could learn it by the report of others, was perfectly decent and unblameable. There was nothing vicious in any part of his practice; but being of a studious, thoughtful turn, he placed his chief delight in the acquisition of learning, and made such acquisitions in it, that he had but few rivals in that of a classical kind. He was critically skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; was beginning to make himself master of the Syriac, and perfectly understood the French and Italian, the latter of which he could speak fluently. These attainments, however, and many others in the literary way, he lived heartily to despise, not as useless when sanctified and employed in the service of God, but when sought after for their own sake, and with a view to the praise of men. Learned however as he was, he was easy and cheerful in his conversation, and entirely free from the stiffness, which is generally contracted by men devoted to such pursuits.

Thus we spent about two years, conversing as occasion offered, (and we generally visited each other once or twice a week, as long as I continued at Huntingdon,) upon the leading truths of the gospel. By this time, however, he began to be more reserved; he would hear me patiently, but never reply; and this I found, upon his own confession afterward, was the effect of a resolution he had taken, in order to avoid disputes, and to secure the continuance of that peace which had always subsisted between us. When our family removed to Olney, our intercourse became less frequent. We exchanged an annual visit, and whenever he came amongst us, he observed the same conduct, conforming to all our customs, attending family worship with us, and heard the preaching, received civilly whatever passed in conversation upon the subject, but adhered strictly to the rule he had prescribed to himself, never remarking upon or objecting to any thing he heard or saw. This, through the goodness of his natural temper, he was enabled to

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When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.

See COWPER'S TASK, *page* 85, *2d edit.* 1786.

carry so far, that though some things unavoidably happened, which we feared would give him offence, he never took any; for it was not possible to offer him the pulpit, nor when Mr. N——— was with us once at the time of family prayer, could we ask my brother to officiate, though being himself a minister, and one of our own family for the time, the office seemed natural to fall into his hands.

In September, 1769, I learned by letters from Cambridge, that he was dangerously ill. I sat out for that place the day after I received them, and found him as ill as I expected. He had taken cold on his return from a journey into Wales, and lest he should be laid up at a distance from home, had pushed forward as fast as he could from Bath with a fever upon him. Soon after his arrival at Cambridge he discharged unknown to himself, such a prodigious quantity of blood, that the physician ascribed it only to the strength of his constitution that he was still alive; and assured me, that if the discharge should be repeated, he must inevitably die upon the spot. In this state of imminent danger, he seemed to have no more concern about his spiritual interests than when in perfect health. His couch was strewed with volumes of plays, to which he had frequent recourse for amusement. I learned indeed afterwards, that even at this time, the thoughts of God and eternity would often force themselves upon his mind; but not apprehending his life to be in danger, and trusting in the morality of his past conduct, he found it no difficult matter to thrust them out again.

As it pleased God that he had no relapse, he presently began to recover strength, and in ten days time I left him so far restored, that he could ride many miles without fatigue, and had every symptom of returning health. It is probable, however, that though his recovery seemed perfect, this illness was the means which God had appointed to bring down his strength in the midst of his journey, and to hasten on the malady which proved his last.

On the 16th of February, 1770, I was again summoned to attend him, by letters which represented him as so ill, that the physician entertained but little hopes of his recovery. I found him afflicted with the asthma and dropsy, supposed to be the effect of an imposthume in his liver. He was however cheerful when I first arrived, expressed great joy at seeing me, thought himself much better than he had been, and seemed to flatter himself with hopes that he should be well again. My situation at this time was truly

distressful. I learned from the physician, that, in this instance, as in the last, he was in much greater danger than he suspected. He did not seem to lay his illness at all to heart, nor could I find by his conversation that he had one serious thought. As often as a suitable occasion offered, when we were free from company and interruption, I endeavoured to give a spiritual turn to the discourse, and the day after my arrival, asked his permission to pray with him, to which he readily consented. I renewed my attempts in this way as often as I could, though without any apparent success: still he seemed as careless and unconcerned as ever; yet I could not but consider his willingness in this instance as a token for good, and observed with pleasure, that though at other times he discovered no mark of seriousness, yet when I spoke to him of the Lord's dealings with myself, he received what I said with affection, would press my hand, and look kindly at me, and seemed to love me the better for it.

On the 21st of the same month, he had a voilent fit of the asthma, which seized him when he rose, about an hour before noon, and lasted all the day. His agony was dreadful. Having never seen any person afflicted in the same way, I could not help fearing that he would be suffocated; nor was the physician himself without fears of the same kind. This day the Lord was very present with me, and enabled me, as I sat by the poor sufferer's side, to wrestle for a blessing upon him.

I observed to him, that tho' it had pleased God to visit him with great afflictions, yet mercy was mingled with the dispensation. I said, "You have many friends, who love you, and are willing to do all they can to serve you; and so perhaps have others in the like circumstances; but it is not the lot of every sick man, how much soever he may be beloved, to have a friend that can pray for him." He replied, "That is true, and I hope God will have mercy upon me." His love for me from this time become very remarkable; there was a tenderness in it more than was merely natural; and he generally expressed it by calling for blessings upon me in the most affectionate terms, and with a look and manner not to be described.

At night, when he was quite worn out with the fatigue of labouring for breath, and could get no rest, his asthma still continuing, he turned to me, and said, with a melancholy air, "Brother, I seem to be marked out for misery; you know some people are

so." That moment I felt my heart enlarged, and such a persuasion of the love of God towards him was wrought in my soul, that I replied with confidence, and as if I had authority given me to say it, But that is not your case; you are marked out for mercy.

Through the whole of this most painful dispensation he was blest with a degree of patience and resignation to the will of God, not always seen in the behaviour of established christians under sufferings so great as his. I never heard a murmuring word escape him; on the contrary, he would often say, when his pains were most acute, "I only wish it may please God to enable me to suffer without complaining; I have no right to complain." Once he said, with a loud voice, "Let thy rod and thy staff support and comfort me; and oh that it were with me as in times past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon my tabernacle." One evening, when I had been expressing my hope that the Lord would show him mercy, he replied; "I hope he will; I am sure I pretend to nothing." Many times he spoke of himself in terms of the greatest self-abasement, which I cannot now particularly remember. I thought I could discern, in these expressions, the glimpses of approaching day, and have no doubt at present but that the Spirit of God was gradually preparing him, in a way of true humiliation, for that bright display of gospel-grace which he was soon after pleased to afford him.*

On Saturday the 10th of March, about three in the afternoon, he suddenly burst into tears, and said with a loud cry, "Oh, forsake me not!" I went to his bedside, when he grasped my hand, and presently by his eyes and countenance I found that he was in prayer. Then turning to me he said, "Oh Brother, I am full of what I could say to you." The nurse asked him if he would have any hartshorn or lavender. He replied, "None of these things will serve my purpose." I said, "But I know what would, my dear, don't I?" He answered, "You do, brother."

Having continued some time silent, he said, "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth," then after a pause, "Aye, and he is able to do it too."

I left him for about an hour, fearing lest he should fatigue himself with talking, and because my surprise and joy were so

* There is a beautiful illustration of this sudden and happy change, in Mr. Cowper's poem entitled *Hope*, vol. i. page 177, 188. edition 1782.

"As when a felon whom his country's laws, &c.

great, that I could hardly bear them. When I returned, he threw his arms about my neck, and leaning his head against mine, he said, "Brother, if I live, you and I shall be more like one another than we have been. But, whether I live or not, all is well, and will be so; I know it will; I have felt that which I never felt before, and am sure that God has visited me with this sickness to teach me what I was too proud to learn in health. I never had satisfaction till now. The doctrines I had been used to, referred me to MYSELF for the foundation of my hopes, and there I could find nothing to rest upon. The sheet-anchor of the soul was wanting. I thought you wrong, yet wished to believe as you did. I found myself unable to believe, yet always thought that I should one day be brought to do so. You suffered more than I have done before you believed these truths; but our sufferings, though different in their kind and measure, were directed to the same end. I hope he has taught me that, which he teaches none but his own. I hope so. These things were foolishness to me once, but now I have a firm foundation, and am satisfied."

In the evening, when I went to bid him good night, he looked stedfastly in my face, and, with great solemnity in his air and manner, taking me by the hand, resumed the discourse in these very words. "As empty, and yet full; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things—I see the rock upon which I once split, and I see the rock of my salvation. I have peace in myself, and if I live I hope it will be that I may be made a messenger of peace to others. I have learned *that* in a moment, which I could not have learned by reading many books for many years. I have often studied these points, and studied them with great attention, but was blinded by prejudice, and unless he who alone is worthy to unloose the seals, had opened the book to me, I had been blinded still. Now they appear so plain, that though I am convinced no comment could ever have made me understand them, I wonder I did not see them before. Yet great as my doubts and difficulties were, they have only served to pave the way, and being solved, they make it plainer. The light I have received comes late, but it is a comfort to me that I never made the gospel-truths a subject of ridicule. Though I dissented from the persuasion and the ways of God's people, I ever thought them respectable, and therefore not proper to be made a jest of. The evil I suffer is the consequence of my descent from the corrupt original stock, and of my own personal transgressions;

the good I enjoy comes to me as the overflowing of his bounty; but the crown of all his mercies is this, that he has given me a Saviour, and not only the Saviour of mankind, brother, but *my* Saviour."

"I should delight to see the people at Olney, but am not worthy to appear amongst them." He wept at speaking these words, and repeated them with emphasis. "I should rejoice in an hour's conversation with Mr. N—— and if I live, shall have much discourse with him upon these subjects, but am so weak in body, that at present I could not bear it."

At the same time he gave me to understand, that he had been five years inquiring after the truth; that is, from the time of my first visit to him after I left St. Albans, and that, from the very day of his ordination, which was ten years ago, he had been dissatisfied with his own views of the gospel, and sensible of their defect and obscurity; that he had always had a sense of the importance of the ministerial charge, and had used to consider himself accountable for his doctrine no less than his practice; that he could appeal to the Lord for his sincerity in all that time, and had never wilfully erred, but always been desirous of coming to the knowledge of the truth. He added, that the moment when he sent forth that cry* was the moment when light was darted into his soul; that he had thought much about these things in the course of his illness, but never till that instant was able to understand them.

It was remarkable, that, from the very instant, when he was first enlightened, he was also wonderfully strengthened in body, so that from the 10th to the 14th of March we all entertained hopes of his recovery. He was himself very sanguine in his expectations of it, but frequently said, that his desire of recovery extended no farther than his hopes of usefulness; adding, "Unless I may live to be an instrument of good to others, it were better for me to die now."

As his assurance was clear and unshaken, so he was very sensible of the goodness of the Lord to him in that respect. On the day when his eyes were opened, he turned to me, and in a low voice said, "What a mercy it is to a man in my condition to *know* his acceptance; I am completely satisfied of mine." On another occasion, speaking to the same purpose, he said, "This bed would be

* On the 10th of March, *vide supra*.

a bed of misery, and it is so; but it is likewise a bed of joy and a bed of discipline. Was I to die this night, I know I should be happy. This assurance I hope is quite consistent with the word of God. It is built upon a sense of my own utter insufficiency and the all-sufficiency of Christ." At the same time, he said, "Brother, I have been building my glory upon a sandy foundation; I have laboured night and day to perfect myself in things of no profit: I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am now suffering the consequence of my mispent labour. But how contemptible do the writers I once highly valued now appear to me. "Yea, doubtless, I count all things, loss and dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." I must now go to a new school. I have many things to learn. I succeeded in my former pursuits. I wanted to be highly applauded; and I was so. I was flattered up to the height of my wishes: now, I must learn a new lesson."

On the evening of the 13th, he said, " What comfort have I in this bed, miserable as I seem to be. Brother, I love to look at you. I see now, who was right, and who was mistaken. But it seems wonderful, that such a dispensation should be necessary to enforce what seems so very plain. I wish myself at Olney; you have a good river there, better than all the rivers of Damascus. What a scene is passing before me! Ideas upon these subjects crowd upon me faster than I can give them utterance. How plain do many texts appear, to which, after consulting all the commentators, I should hardly affix a meaning; and now I have their true meaning without any comment at all. There is but one key to the New Testament: there is but one interpreter. I cannot describe to you, nor shall ever be able to describe, what I felt in the moment when it was given to me. May I make a good use of it! How I shudder when I think of the danger I have just escaped. I had made up my mind upon these subjects, and was determined to hazard all upon the justness of my own opinions."

Speaking of his illness, he said, he had been followed night and day from the very beginning of it with this text: *I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.* This notice was fulfilled to him, though not in such a sense as my desires of his recovery prompted me to put upon it. His remarkable amendment soon appeared to be no more than a present supply of strength and spirits, that he might be able to speak of the better life which God had given him, which was no sooner done than he relapsed as sud-

denly as he had revived. About this time he formed a purpose of receiving the sacrament, induced to it principally by a desire of setting his seal to the truth, in presence of those who were strangers to the change which had taken place in his sentiments. It must have been administered to him by the master of the college, to whom he designed to have made this short declaration. "If I die, I die in the belief of the doctrines of the reformation, and of the church of England, as it was at the time of the reformation." But his strength declining apace, and his pains becoming more severe, he could never find a proper opportunity of doing it. His experience was rather peace than joy, if a distinction may be made between joy and that heartfelt peace which he often spoke of in the most comfortable terms; and which he expressed by a heavenly smile upon his countenance under the bitterest bodily distress. His words upon this subject once were these:—"How wonderful is it, that God should look upon man, especially that he should look upon *me?* Yet he sees me, and takes notice of all that I suffer. I see him too; he is present before me, and I here him say, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Matt. xi. 28. On the 14th, in the afternoon, I perceived that the strength and spirits, which had been afforded him, were suddenly withdrawn, so that by the next day his mind became weak, and his speech roving and faultering. But still, at intervals, he was enabled to speak of divine things with great force and clearness. On the evening of the 15th he said, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. That text has been sadly misunderstood by me, as well as by others. Where is that just person to be found? Alas, what must have become of me, if I had died this day se'nnight? What should I have had to plead? My own righteousness! *That* would have been of great service to me, to be sure. Well, whither next? Why, to the mountains to fall upon us, and to the hills to cover us. I am not duly thankful for the mercy I have received. Perhaps I may ascribe some part of my insensibility to my great weakness of body. I hope at least, that, if I was better in health, it would be better with me in these respects also."

The next day, perceiving that his understanding began to suffer by the extreme weakness of his body, he said; "I have been vain of my understanding and of my acquirements in this place; and now God has made me little better than an idiot, as much as

to say, now be proud if you can. Well, while I have any senses left, my thoughts will be poured out in the praise of God. I have an interest in Christ, in his blood and sufferings, and my sins are forgiven me. Have I not cause to praise him? When my understanding fails me quite, as I think it will soon, then he will pity my weakness."

Though the Lord intended that his warfare should be short, yet a warfare he was to have, and to be exposed to a measure of conflict with his own corruptions. His pain being extreme, his powers of recollection much impaired, and the Comforter withholding for a season his sensible support, he was betrayed into a fretfulness and impatience of spirit which had never been permitted to show itself before. This appearance alarmed me, and having an opportunity afforded me by every body's absence, I said to him, "You was happier last Saturday than you are to-day. Are you entirely destitute of the consolations you then spoke of? and do you not sometimes feel comfort flowing into your heart from a sense of your acceptance with God?" He replied, "Sometimes I do, but sometimes I am left to desperation. The same day in the evening he said, "Brother, I believe you are often uneasy, lest what lately past should come to nothing." I replied by asking him, whether, when he found his patience and his temper fail, he endeavoured to pray for power against his corruptions? He answered "Yes, a thousand times in a day. But I see myself odiously vile and wicked. If I die in this illness, I beg you will place no other inscription over me than such as may just mention my name and the parish where I was minister; for that I ever had a being, and what sort of a being I had, cannot be too soon forgot. I was just beginning to be a deist, and had long desired to be so; and I will own to you what I never confessed before, that my function, and the duties of it were a weariness to me which I could not bear. Yet, wretched creature and beast as I was, I was esteemed religious, though I lived without God in the world." About this time I reminded him of the account of Janeway's, which he once read at my desire. He said he had laughed at it in his own mind, and accounted it mere madness and folly. "Yet base as I am," said he, "I have no doubt now but God has accepted me also, and forgiven me all my sins."

I then asked him what he thought of my narrative? He replied "I thought it strange, and ascribed much of it to the state in which

you had been in. When I came to visit you in London, and found you in that deep distress, I would have given the universe to have administered some comfort to you. You may remember that I tried every method of doing it. When I found that all my attempts were vain, I was shocked to the greatest degree. I began to consider your sufferings as a judgment upon you, and my inability to alleviate them as a judgment upon myself. When Mr. M. came, he succeeded in a moment. This surprised me; but it does not surprise me now. He had the Key to your heart, which I had not. That which filled me with disgust against my office as a minister was the same ill success which attended me in my own parish. There I endeavoured to sooth the afflicted, and to reform the unruly by warning and reproof; but all that I could say in either case was spoken to the wind, and attended with no effect."

There is that in the nature of salvation by grace, when it is truly and experimentally known, which prompts every person to think himself the most extraordinary instance of its power. Accordingly, my brother insisted upon the precedence in this respect, and, upon comparing his case with mine, would by no means allow my deliverance to have been so wonderful as his own. He observed that, "from the beginning, both his manner of life and his connexions had been such as had a natural tendency to blind his eyes, and to confirm and rivet his prejudices against the truth. Blameless in his outward conduct, and having no open immorality to charge himself with, his acquaintance had been with men of the same stamp, who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised the doctrines of the cross. Such were all who from his earliest days he had been used to propose to himself as patterns for his imitation. Not to go farther back, such was the clergyman under whom he received the first rudiments of his education; such was the schoolmaster, under whom he was prepared for the university; and such were all the most admired characters there, with whom he was most ambitious of being connected. He lamented the dark and Christless condition of the place, where learning and morality were all in all, and where if a man was possessed of these qualifications he neither doubted himself, nor did any body else question the safety of his state. He concluded therefore that to show the fallacy of such appearances, and to root out the prejudices which long familiarity with them had fastened upon his mind, required a more than ordinary exertion of divine power,

and that the grace of God was more clearly manifested in such a work, than in the conversation of one like me, who had no outside righteousness to boast of, and who, if I was ignorant of the truth, was not however so desperately prejudiced against it."

His thoughts, I suppose, had been led to this subject, when one afternoon, while I was writing by the fire side, he thus addressed himself to the nurse, who sat at his bolster. "Nurse, I have lived three and thirty years, and I will tell you how I have spent them. When I was a boy, they taught me Latin; and because I was the son of a gentleman, they taught me Greek. These I learned under a sort of private tutor; at the age of fourteen, or thereabouts, they sent me to a public school, where I learned more Latin and Greek, and, last of all, to this place, where I have been learning more Latin and Greek still. Now has not this been a blessed life, and much to the glory of God;" then directing his speech to me, he said, "Brother, I was going to say I was born in such a year; but I correct myself: I would rather say, in such a year I came into the world. You know when I was born."

As long as he expected to recover, the souls committed to his care were much upon his mind. One day when none was present but myself he prayed thus: "O Lord Thou art good; goodness is thy very essence, and thou art the fountain of wisdom. I am a poor worm, weak and foolish as a child. Thou hast intrusted many souls unto me; and I have not been able to teach them, because I knew thee not myself. Grant me ability, O Lord, for I can do nothing without thee, and give me grace to be faithful."

In a time of severe and continual pain, he smiled in my face, and said, "Brother, I am as happy as a king." And the day before he died, when I asked him what sort of a night he had, he replied, "a sad night, not a wink of sleep." I said, "Perhaps though your mind has been composed, and you have been enabled to pray." "Yes," said he, "I have endeavoured to spend the hours in the thoughts of God and prayer; I have been much comforted, and all the comfort I got came to me in this way."

The next morning I was called up to be a witness of his last moments. I found him in a deep sleep, lying perfectly still, and seemingly free from pain. I staid with him till they pressed me to quit the room, and in about five minutes after I had left him he died; sooner indeed than I expected, though for some days there had been no hopes of his recovery. His death at that time was

rather extraordinary; at least I thought it so; for when I took leave of him the night before, he did not seem worse nor weaker than he had been, and, for aught that appeared, might have lasted many days; but the Lord, in whose sight the death of his saints is precious, cut short his sufferings and gave him a speedy and peaceful departure.

He died at seven in the morning, on the 20th of *March*, 1770.

" Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, ETERNAL WORD!
From THEE departing; they are lost and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From THEE is all that sooths the life of man,
His high endeavour and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh! Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts Thyself the crown.
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

See TASK, *page* 227, *2nd edit.* 1786.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL ESSAYS.

LIVING BY FAITH.

REALLY to "live by faith" is an attainment of the most difficult kind, and but rarely seen. Faith indeed, in one species of its exercise, brings spiritual and eternal objects into such a near and comfortable view, that they, in a sort, become objects of sense—To live by faith of this kind, is not difficult, but most easy and delightful. But to keep up the exercise of faith when *sense* is all against us; when every thing outward looks dark, and all within is gloomy; to live *at all times* by faith, this is very difficult and very rare. Yet it is to such an exercise of faith as this, that the highest praise seems to be given in the word of God. Abraham's faith was of this description, when he left his country at the command of Jehovah, and went out " not knowing whither he went;" and when he offered up his son Isaac. The faith of that long catalogue of worthies, whose names and actions are recorded in the 11th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, appears to have derived its excellence, and to have received its commendation, from the same cause. To believe and trust in God when he seems to

frown, and when the soul "walks in darkness and has no light," this is faith indeed—To say with Job "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," is the highest attainment of a christian. In this exercise of faith there will always be a sharp conflict with the most subtle and powerful assaults of Satan, and with the strongest principles of our corrupted nature. It will be suggested that it is *presumption* to think that God is dealing in covenant faithfulness with the soul at such a time; that it is presumption to suppose that we can have any interest in his favour; that it is daring or vile *hypocrisy* to attempt the discharge of duties which imply that we are the children of God;—that, in a word, either the things required are not duties at all, or that we are not the persons who ought to attempt them: and in addition to this, *instances of presumptuous confidence*, in those who have professed to be governed by religion, will be brought to recollection.

Now, the christian who, in opposition to all this, can go steadily forward in a reliance on the promises of God, and in an obedience to his commands, gives the best evidence that he is divinely assisted, and that he is enabled really to exercise that faith, which is most acceptable and well pleasing to God; that faith, which, though it is without merit, (as all faith is in itself without merit) yet, agreeably to the tenour of the covenant of grace, shall have the richest reward. This faith, in any thing like steady exercise, is probably not attained till after a considerable experience of that comfortable or refreshing kind which was mentioned at first: and the remembrance of what has happened in many past times; the recollection of the numerous instances of the divine faithfulness when every thing seemed hostile; and especially, calling to mind the inward efficacy of the word of God on the heart witnessing to its own truth; comes greatly in aid of such a faith. But, verily, after all, this faith is, in a most emphatic sense, "the gift of God."

P.

THE CHRISTIAN LEARNING FROM THE MEN OF THE WORLD.

How many useful lessons may a christian learn from men destitute of religion.—Let him look at the miser.—How entirely devoted is he to the acquisition of wealth? How absorbed by the love of gain? He pursues it, he thinks of it, continually. There are no sums too small to save or to loose. There are no means or methods of getting too inconsiderable to be regarded.—To the be-

liever it should be "Christ to live." Let him then in this emulate the miser. Let him think of Christ as much as the other thinks of gain. Let him contrive to serve his Lord as faithfully as the sordid wretch seeks for pelf. Let him be as careful in promoting the cause, interest and glory of Christ, as the disciple of Mammon is in serving his idol.—Let a christian do this, and he may truly say "it is Christ for me to live."—And oh! how unworthy are we of the name of christians, when we think less of our adored Redeemer, and are less active in his service and for his glory, than the worldling is in pursuit of the object to which he has given his heart.

Again, the christian may learn a very useful lesson, from the heathen Indians. Many of these, in consequence of the ideas they have imbibed, and the strong impressions of national and personal glory and honour that have been made upon them, will bear all the most cruel tortures, ending in the most miserable death that their enemies can contrive—bear them, not only without renouncing their attachment to their tribe or cause, but without a sigh or a groan, nay, with the appearance of indifference, or with expressions of scorn and defiance to their tormentors.—What an example this for a christian! Shall he not be willing to endure as much for his adored Redeemer, to suffer as much, as long, as patiently, as inflexibly for his Saviour, as a savage for the sake of his personal or national honour?—"They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

"Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise"—Go to the miser and the savage, thou slothful and faint hearted christian, consider what they do for the perishing toys of this life, and be ashamed not to do as much for thy God and thy eternal crown.

R.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

The prevailing and increasing practice of intoxication is an evil of a nature so alarming, that all the friends of religion and humanity should unite, and use their most strenuous exertions to oppose some effectual obstacle to its further progress.

What renders this vice preeminently dreadful, is, that so few are ever reclaimed who have once fallen fully under its power. When any of our friends become habitual drunkards we commonly give them up as lost; for whatever marks of contrition they may exhibit when sober, they soon seek an escape from the com-

punctions of conscience and the oppressive dejection of their spirits, in reiterated draughts of the intoxicating liquor. Even when, by an abstinence which has continued for weeks or months, we are encouraged to hope that the victory is complete, and that the destructive appetite is extinguished, the unhappy subject of it, as if influenced by some powerful infatuation, is driven back into the gulph from which he seemed to have escaped, and all our hopes of reformation are frustrated. This consideration ought to operate with great force upon the minds of those who are not yet enslaved by this baneful habit, but who, for the sake of company, are tampering with spirituous liquors. Let all such be solemnly warned of their danger. In a particular manner let youth receive the admonition. Let them remember that they stand upon the verge of a bottomless gulph. They probably have no intention to become habitual drunkards, but if from time to time they indulge in excessive drinking, the habit is imperceptibly forming, and before they are aware that they are under its influence, it may be fastened upon them for ever.

But although instances of reformation from this vice are few, yet there are some of a very remarkable kind. There have been some who appeared to have abandoned themselves to the dominion of this tyrannical propensity, and of whose recovery their friends entertained no hopes, who have suddenly, to the astonishment of all their acquaintances, returned to the paths of sobriety. Reader! God grant that this may be your case, if you are so unhappy as to have contracted this dangerous and detestable habit!

Drunkenness is an alarming evil, because it overthrows and destroys many who had escaped the pollution and even the imputation of other gross sins. Men who had walked along the slippery paths of youth with unsullied purity of character, who had mingled in the business and intercourse of the world where they were exposed to every temptation, without the least impeachment of their honour, or suspicion of their integrity, have at length fallen into this foul puddle of intemperance. Yea, men of distinguished talents and extensive erudition, who have served their country in the most important stations, and who, were it not for this detestable vice, would be still able to render the most important services to their fellow men, have been, in consequence of it, lost to society. But above all, it is a subject of the most profound regret, that some who, for a long series of years, had maintained

a creditable and consistent profession of christianity, and were viewed as examples of regularity and piety, not only by their own families, but by a numerous circle of acquaintances, have, in the close of life, made fatal shipwreck on this dangerous rock. Such a fall spreads grief and consternation through the church of God. It proves a stone of stumbling to the weak and wavering, and an occasion of malignant joy and triumph to all the enemies of Christ. The interests of religion receive a deeper wound by an incident of this kind, than by the blasphemies of its adversaries for an age. And often it is the occasion of the loss of many precious souls, who are hereby discouraged from seeking the Lord, or prejudiced against his cause. Reader! if this case be yours, pause, and consider what you have done. Should you live a thousand years, and fill up that long period with uninterrupted acts of exemplary piety, you could scarcely repair the injury which you have done to religion. Had you never been a member of the church, you never could have wounded your Saviour so deeply. It is only in the house of his friends that he can receive such wounds. No one could ever have betrayed him, had not a disciple been a traitor. The revilings of his bitterest enemies did not enter so deeply into the heart of Jesus, as the denial and imprecations of Peter. But do thou avoid the despair of the former, which hurried him into hell; and imitate the penitence of the latter, which restored and established him in the favour of his Lord. Remember, that some of the crucifiers of Jesus were among the first who were washed in the blood which they had shed.

But intemperance is not a solitary vice. It draws after it a numerous train of evils. It not only puts out the light of reason whilst the seasons of intoxication continue, but gradually debilitates and destroys the energies of the mind. It darkens the clearest and soundest understanding; it weakens the memory and corrupts the taste; it destroys the sensibility of conscience and disorders the imagination; it renders the passions boisterous and the heart malignant. Men of the sweetest tempers are, by strong drink, converted into tygers. It seems sometimes as if a malignant demon had entered into them. They become furious and mischievous in their dispositions, and their tongues rage as if *set on fire of hell*. However meek and modest when sober, no sooner do they reach the point of drunken elevation, than they are ripe for every diabolical act. They load with abuse their nearest relations,

quarrel with their dearest friends, and often nothing but impotency hinders them from committing murder on those who happen to be near them. By obscenity, profanity and lewdness, and by every kindred vice, they descend to the level of the vilest of men. It is true all drunkards do not come up to this description; but it is scarcely worth while to enter an exception to the general rule, for the sake of those few who seem to be filled with a silly good nature, whilst their drunken fits continue. The practice is detestable enough in its mildest form; and it is matter of astonishment how any person, who has ever seen a drunken man, can voluntarily place himself in the same degrading situation.

The effects of this vice are not confined to the mind. It injures the body also. It undermines the strongest constitution, and brings on many incurable diseases. The stimulus of ardent spirits is so strong, that it soon destroys those who suddenly fall into the practice of intoxication. The end of young men who drink to excess, may easily be predicted to lie within the limits of a few years. Convulsions, or some other disorder as fatal, soon succeed the fits of drunkenness, and the man seldom *lives out half his days*. But where the person has habituated himself to this liquid poison by slow degrees, he may last much longer; he may even reach the usual limits of human life; but he can hardly be said with propriety *to live*. He drags along a useless, burdensome, disordered carcase. His eyes, nearly started from their sockets, look like balls of fire. His face, pimpled and purpled over, has the appearance of a mass of corruption. His trembling hands and decrepid feet, are no longer able to perform their offices, and his perpetual and offensive eructations manifest a debilitated and almost putrid stomach. His whole person, in short, becomes an object of perfect loathing and disgust. But when reduced to the lowest state of weakness by accumulated disease, he still stretches forth the paralytic hand to convey the destructive potion to his lips. With his last audible breath he cries out for *drink, more drink;* and even after he has lost all appetite for food, and his disordered stomach refuses to retain the beloved draught, still he will *drink*. The thirst of this destructive appetite seems to be something like the tormenting thirst of hell, perfectly insatiable.

Whether the above description be the work of imagination, or the faithful exhibition of facts, let the reader judge.

It is sometimes said, by way of apology, or at least palliation for this vice, "that the intemperate man is an enemy to no one but himself, that he *injures* none but himself," than which nothing can be more false. I shall not be afraid of confutation or contradiction, when I say, that drunkenness is the cause of more misery to others, than any other vice which is practised in this country. It is indeed *a bitter root*, the ramifications of which extend far and wide, and bring forth *fruit unto death*. The multiplied calamities which the drunkard brings upon his innocent family cannot be told, nor conceived, by those who have had no experience of the evil. In the lower classes of society, thousands of families are rendered completely wretched by this abominable vice. The unfortunate wife and helpless offspring of the drunkard are not only reduced to poverty, and the want of wholesome food and comfortable clothing, by means of his excesses, but are often subjected to the most cruel treatment and shameful abuse, from the brutality of him who ought to be their friend and protector. I have known, in more instances than one, the hard earned pittance of the forlorn woman, which, with daily and nightly toil, she had gathered to supply the wants of her helpless children, wrested from her by violence, or taken by fraud, by the monster who bore the names of husband and parent, and spent at a tavern, to gratify his detestable thirst for ardent spirits. In some parts of the country, may I not say in almost every part, there are instances of women who live in continual dread of their lives, and who are sometimes forced in the middle of the night, and in the most inclement weather, to seek refuge from the brutal violence of an intoxicated husband, in the woods, or in the hospitable mansion of some compassionate neighbour. And yet this crime is connived at by the law, or rather by those whose duty it is to execute the law. A man is prosecuted for the smallest infraction upon the property of his neighbour; but he may be drunk every day in the week, beat his wife, and abuse his children, and no notice shall be taken of it. There is surely an error here! Whence comes it to pass, that in a country like this, where the means of subsistence are so much within every one's reach, society should be burdened with such a multitude of poor? I answer, that it is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the excessive use of ardent spirits. The man who might have supported his family decently, and left them in a comfortable situation when he died, shortens

his own days by drinking, and leaves a helpless family involved in debt and destitute of every comfort, to be supported by charity, or to perish. I most earnestly wish that, when the next census of the inhabitants of the United States shall be taken, that an attempt may be made to calculate the number of drunkards. It would enable us to form some estimate of the miseries introduced into society by this detestable vice, and it would also enable the government to ascertain more correctly the number of useful citizens and efficient soldiers; as it is known to all that a drunkard is not only useless, but a burden to his country, both in peace and in war.

But the evils of excessive drinking are not confined to the poorer class. When a man of wealth and respectable standing in society becomes a drunkard, it might perhaps be expected that he would not resort to vulgar abuse and to indiscriminate blows; but the truth is, drunkenness levels all distinctions; as it makes a king of the beggar, so it reduces the king to an equality with the meanest of his subjects.

The drunkard, when under the influence of strong drink, acts no doubt *madly*, or *foolishly;* yet the wound made in the feelings of his family is not the less, on that account. There is nothing upon earth which a woman of true sensibility and refined virtue, so much dreads, as a drunken husband. It is not wonderful therefore, that she should remonstrate with warmth, and even reproach with severity, when she observes a tendency to this vice. But, alas! her efforts are usually vain; and she becomes the object of the most malignant abuse, from the person who is bound by every tender and sacred tie to cherish her as his own soul. And the more amiable she is, the more probable it is, that she will be treated in a cruel manner. For the husband cannot but see, that the more she is offended by his detestable conduct, the more her esteem for him must be lessened. This thought drives him almost to distraction, and he uses every method, except the right one, to prevent what he fears. But what can be more unreasonable or even impossible, than that an amiable woman, of delicate feelings, should continue to cherish for the man who has converted himself into something worse than a beast, the same ardent affection which she felt for him when he was rational, tender and amiable. Her benevolence towards him may continue, but her esteem and affection must abate. And it will not be surprising, if he at length brings her completely to loath and detest him.

How can it be otherwise, when she beholds the man, who once maintained a dignified and pleasing deportment, constantly stupified or deranged by excessive drinking; frequently reeling to her chamber from his cups, or borne thither perhaps by others, incapable of affording any assistance to himself. What spectacle can be more mortifying and disgusting to a virtuous and amiable woman. Is it in nature for her to continue to love such an object!

It is not surprising that drunkenness introduces strife, confusion, and misery, into families where nothing but peace, order and happiness, were known before. The kindest and best husbands are often, by strong drink, rendered the worst. If the wife indeed be of a mild and passive temper, she may say but little; and the infatuated husband may suppose that she is reconciled to the change in his conduct. Deceitful hope! sottish expectation! no woman can ever be reconciled to a drunken husband, but one who is addicted to the same vice, or is in other respects vile. Be assured, thou victim of intemperance, that the appearance of cheerfulness and contentment in thy much injured wife, is constrained. She conceals her anguish, but it preys inwardly upon her spirit; and soon the languid and dejected eye, the faded and shrivelled cheek, and the involuntary sigh, will indicate how deeply thou hast wounded her peace; yea, before long thou wilt see her sink under the constant pressure of her griefs, and die of a broken heart; and then, if thou shalt have left the smallest sensibility of conscience, thou wilt feel thyself to be a murderer, of the most atrocious kind.

The affliction of dutiful children, is also inconceivably great, when their father declines into the ways of intemperance. They are tremblingly alive to every thing which affects his reputation. They endeavour to conceal his failings, and to hide his irregularities; but when he becomes an habitual drunkard, they are ashamed and mortified beyond expression or concealment. They cannot entertain a friend, much less a stranger, with the least satisfaction. The imprudent, boasting, profane, and indecent expressions, which an intoxicated father, will ever be pouring out in his own house, pierce their susceptible hearts, and produce the keenest anguish. But at length, the heart hardens itself against these impressions; and then the drunken wretch is often despised and abhorred, even by his own children. If they possess true piety or virtue, they cannot indeed lose their concern for his wel-

fare; but a drunkard must in time become odious to every person around him.

But finally, this evil is alarming, because it is one of the surest paths to everlasting misery. No truth is more clearly taught in the New Testament than this, *that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.* If then we take into view our first observation, that few are ever reclaimed from this ruinous vice, how dreadfully alarming must we think the condition of the habitual drunkard. We must believe, that he is in imminent danger of *hell-fire;* yea, that he stands upon the very brink of the *bottomless pit.*

If any one who is in this dangerous condition, should happen to read these pages, I entreat him, for his soul's sake, *to suffer the word of exhortation.* O man! when thou beholdest the intoxicating liquor sparkling in the glass, when thou lookest upon its red and fiery appearance, let it bring to thy recollection the cup of the wrath of Almighty God, which is ready to be poured out, and the unquenchable flames of hell, which are ready to devour thee. Harden not thy heart against these awful truths, by flying to infidelity, or by drowning thy senses in the intoxicating draught. It is not more a solemn than a friendly voice, which calls upon thee. O lend an attentive ear; yield to the considerations which are suggested, and thou mayest yet be happy. How wouldst thou rejoice the wife of thy youth, the friend of thy bosom, the partner of thy cares, the affectionate mother of thy children, by a return to the paths of sobriety. Snatch, I beseech thee, from a premature grave, the woman who is falling an innocent victim to thy abominable intemperance.

Revive the spirits of the children of thy own body, which are sunk by thy misconduct; and restore to them a father, a friend, and a protector.

Heal, as far as is possible, the wound which thou mayest have inflicted on the cause of God. Return with penitence and confusion to thy former fair and honourable standing as a professor of christianity, if such has been thy *former* character. Rescue thy mental powers from derangement, and thy body from accumulated disease. Become once more *a man*, and a reasonable creature; and perform the part which society has a right to expect of all its members.

But above all, *flee from the wrath to come, avoid the vengeance of eternal fire.* Make haste to escape from the overwhelming deluge of wrath, which soon will be poured out upon all the workers of iniquity. Behold the way of life is still accessible; the door of mercy is still open. Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, still stretches out his intreating hands to invite thee to return. *Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

O Lord, give effect to this exhortation, and recover from the snare of the devil, the soul which has been long led captive by him at his will. Give a check to this desolating torrent, which threatens to overwhelm so many of the inhabitants of this land, and save many precious souls from the pains of everlasting misery, for the sake of Christ *thy* Son and *our* Redeemer. Amen.

[The writer of the above piece seems to suppose that the vice which he so justly condemns is almost wholly confined to one sex. But alas! there are not only drunken men, but, shocking as the fact is, drunken women too. We would also suggest to our correspondent, that it might be well for him to delineate a system, which ought to be adopted and pursued by those who resolve to conquer the pernicious habit in question. Payley has written well on this subject; indeed we have been told that he wrote from *experience*. We shall insert his observations in some future number.]

MISCELLANY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

An account of the conversion and exercises of Mrs. Abbe Ward, of ———, in the county of Essex, New-Jersey, written by herself.

"From my youth up, I had checks of conscience, remorse and anxiety concerning a future state; but none of these proved permanent. Having a pious father to instruct me, I was often constrained to form resolutions to attend to the things of religion; but found that I had no heart to execute my purposes. It pleased God to send upon me great afflictions in a married state; yet experience proved that the greatest trials could not subdue my proud,

unsanctified heart. It required as great an effort of omnipotent power as to create a world from nothing.

Sometimes I used to be greatly troubled with the suggestion, that if I was one of the elect, I should be saved; if not, there was no help for me, do what I might. At other times my mind was distressed with an apprehension that I had committed the unpardonable sin; and then it would be suggested, that all my fears and concerns would avail nothing. It appears to me that Satan was suffered to use any artifice in his power to lead me to eternal ruin.

Thus did I live, (with deep humiliation I desire to speak it) in hardness of heart and blindness of mind, yielding to the suggestions of Satan, and led captive at his will, until I arrived at the age of fifty. Being then in a poor state of health, and unprepared for death and judgment, I thought an interest in Christ of great importance; but my prospect of finding mercy at that age appeared so very small, that I thought God never intended mercy for me. Then would my wicked heart rise against him, his sovereignty, decrees, and laws. The horrid idea would arise in my mind, that if I could get above God, or hide from his presence, it would afford me some relief. But knowing *that* impossible, my anxiety remained, and all things appeared dark and gloomy.

At this time our ever dear and long to be remembered Mr. —— was settled here; for whose pious labours and instructions I hope I shall have reason to bless God through a never ending eternity. Many alarming discourses did I hear from this excellent man, that came like a sword to my heart. One in particular from 1 Kings, xviii. 21. *How long halt ye between two opinions?* On this occasion he made use of such pressing arguments to induce all to accept an offered Saviour immediately, and to be on the Lord's side, that I really thought I longed to be of that happy number. But there appeared an insurmountable difficulty in the way, independent of my own will; for as yet I was unacquainted with the opposition and stubbornness of my heart, which kept me from Christ. And now, being exceedingly depressed in my spirits, I knew not what to do; for my mind was as dark as darkness itself.

One evening, after the family had all retired, (for I was unwilling they should know my anxiety) I opened the bible, to see if I could find any relief; and the first words which I fell upon were those in Hab. ii. 1—3. These words were set home with such power upon my mind, that I resolved from that time to improve

every opportunity to attend on the means of God's appointment, not without some degree of hope that deliverance would come, though I should wait long for it.

Some time after this, I had an interview with Mr. ——, as he was visiting his congregation. He asked me some questions concerning the state of my mind, and whether I entertained a hope that I had made my peace with God. I confessed to him that I did not; but Oh! how did it grieve my heart, at this age to be without hope and without God in the world. I gave him to understand something of the anxiety of my mind, although, before this, I had scarcely ever divulged it to my nearest friend. He gave me some good advice, accompanied with encouragement, and exhorted me no longer to reject the offers of salvation. He said that the time had now come for me to seek in earnest the salvation of my soul. At this time there was a great revival of religion in the congregation; and God was awakening and hopefully bringing many precious souls to himself. His words, I have often thought, were to me like *apples of gold in pictures of silver.**

* As she lay upon her dying bed, near five years afterwards, she gave the compiler of this narrative the following account: that previously to the above mentioned interview, she had supposed herself too far advanced in years to obtain mercy, but that something which Mr. —— said to her on that occasion, encouraged her to set out in earnest to seek salvation. Within a day or two after this, being informed of an interview which Mr.—— had taken pains to obtain with a young man, with a view to his spiritual benefit, she was much affected, and retiring to her room cast herself on her bed. Here God revealed himself to her. She told me that she could not have thought it possible for God to reveal so many things to a mind in so short a time. She saw a highway paved to God and to the throne of grace by Christ. She saw her sins as she never saw them before. She did not know how God would dispose of *her* in a future world; yet she was so full of joy in the view of God and Christ, that the transport seemed too much for her nature to sustain. At length she arose, and was led by a secret, irresistible influence to the bible, which lay in a part of the room; breaking out, and saying, as she approached it, "The Lord is my rock; in him will I trust." She opened to the Psalms. Whatever she read appeared new, and to contain a meaning which she was now able to understand. The first two verses of the 18th Psalm, in particular, were so sweet to her that she could not rest till she had prevailed on Mr. —— to make them the theme of a sermon. She did not wish to read those passages which spoke of *enemies;* for she felt that she was no one's enemy, and had no enemy herself. It became her custom, when

And now, being entered on my fifty-third year, on Thursday, the 8th day of July, 1802, (O! amazing grace and condescension!) I humbly hope I found deliverance. God was pleased at this time, in a peculiar manner, to set my sins in order before me. From my youth up my life appeared to have been polluted with sins, which seemed like mountains of insupportable weight. I saw before me an awful gulf, a bottomless pit, and discovered my great exposedness to God's everlasting wrath. I beheld God seated on a throne of justice; a holy, just, sinhating God. I could now take all shame and blame to myself. I saw myself such a dreadful sinner, that my mouth was completely shut. I saw no way of escape; but surrendered myself *unconditionally* into the hands of God, not knowing his will concerning me. Sin now appeared in all its odious colours. I saw that God could justly send me to the lowest hell. All my past prayers and performances appeared so selfish and polluted, that I wished them removed as far from me as the east is from the west.

All my wicked objections against the sovereignty of God and his eternal decrees were removed. Oh! what a sweet trust and reliance on the mercy of God in Christ did I now experience. My dreadful load of guilt was entirely gone; and instead of being sentenced to everlasting misery, I found myself encircled in a Saviour's arms. I now saw how God could be just in justifying such a sinner; that through the complete atonement and righteousness of Christ our head, I should be presented faultless before the Father, *without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing*. Heaven was represented to my view as a place of spotless purity, where nothing shall ever enter that defileth, a habitation for holy saints and angels. The sting of death, which had formerly been such a terror to me, was entirely taken away; and the only reason why I now desired to live, was that I might render some little service to my God and Saviour,

she found a passage of scripture peculiarly precious and weighty, to mark the place, by introducing a thread between the leaves. And so many passages were set home upon her heart, that her threads became insensibly multiplied, until in a short time she found, to her surprise, as many as forty places marked in this manner. She enjoyed seasons of very high communion with God. In a society, one evening, she enjoyed more happiness in a few minutes, (as she confidently informed me in her last sickness) than she had enjoyed in fifty years of sin. But it is better to hear the account of her conversion from her own lips.

in promoting his kingdom and interest in the world. There appeared such a fulness and willingness in Christ to receive all that would come to him, that I was astonished that I had so long refused to come. Oh! how did I long that poor sinners might come and taste and see that the Lord was gracious. With what detestation did I now look upon my past life and my misimprovement of precious time! How did my tears flow! tears, I hope, of humble contrition for my many abuses of such a God! a God of strict justice, holiness, and purity, that would by no means clear the guilty; yet full of compassion, ready to forgive all who put their trust in him. A sweet calm ensued, and something like a still small voice speaking peace to my soul. I could not refrain from rapturous praises, saying, *the Lord is my rock, in him will I trust.*

All this time I was in doubt what these things meant. Can it be possible, said I, that this can be a change of heart? It is too much! too great a thing! Yet I must praise God; I must trust in him; I must love and adore his great name.

My heart now delighted much in reading the fifth chapter of the Revelation, where the angels are represented as standing around the throne, "Saying, with a loud voice, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever." I thought it was no wonder that they were unable to *stand;* for who that does behold only a *glimpse* of his glory, is able to stand before him?

The holy scriptures now appeared in a different light from what they had ever done before. I was much delighted in reading the Psalms of David. There seemed such a sweet, refreshing food in them, that I had a longing desire to join the dear Psalmist in praising, trusting, and rejoicing in the Lord; saying, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." Psalms, xviii. 1, 2.

I know not how better to express my thankfulness than in the words of Maria De Fleury,

" Thy sovereign grace, spirit divine, I sing;
Fountain of holiness, of life and love!
Great glorifier of a Saviour's name;
Revealer of the hidden things of God.
Thy new creating voice bade me awake
From nature's sleep, the dreadful sleep of sin,
To all the joys of light and life divine;
To all the bliss of immortality!
Of pardon'd sin, and fellowship with God,
Through the rich streams of a Redeemer's blood,
Of sin subdued, and a triumphant hope
Of the bright glories of eternity.
Come, holy Comforter! descend and dwell
In my cold heart; warm it with heavenly fire;
Make it thy temple, tune my stamm'ring tongue
To lofty notes of praise, such as thy love
Deserves, O ever blessed Trinity,
One undivided glorious Deity;
One self existent and eternal God,
My Father, Saviour, everlasting friend.
Let every power of my redeemed soul
Be dedicate to thee; let every pulse
Beat high for thee, and every breath aspire
In greatful hallelujahs to my God."

The following was added during her last illness:

Many passages of scripture which I formerly had passed over with neglect, have since filled my heart with love and admiration. For instance, when our blessed Saviour, speaking to the woman of Samaria with so much mildness, tells her that the water that he would give to believers, should be in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Everlasting life! how much is contained in those precious words! how exceedingly rich his promises! not only are we delivered from death eternal, but we are made kings and priests for ever unto God, heirs of the inheritance of the saints in light, partakers of that weight of glory;—that exceeding weight of glory!—where sin and sorrow shall never come, where all tears shall be wiped away! and all this of his self moving compassion! well might the apostle cry out, "O! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

I have often had very pleasing reflections on being so nearly allied to our blessed Saviour, as to be a member of his body. The words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," appeared great and glorious beyond expression. Many other texts I intended to have mentioned, and also my public covenanting with God,—together with the many conflicts that I have had with indwelling sin: but as I am now lying on a bed of sickness, in all probability near my journey's end, and not able to write myself, I must pass these things over in silence. For these three or four years past, I have been most earnest in my supplications to the Almighty God that he would be with me in my last hours; that I might not meet death with surprise; that he would lift upon me, in that hour, the light of his blessed countenance; that if I have not glorified him in my life, I may in my death: and may God of his infinite mercy grant this, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

These were the last words which she ever wrote. The person to whom she committed the above paper has the satisfaction to remark, that this last prayer was not left unanswered. The desire to glorify God in her death "if she had not in her life," was much in her heart, and on her lips. During the whole of her confinement, she had those clear, discriminating views, that exquisite sense of sin, that deep abasement, that fear and love of God, that dread of false motives in conversation, and that supporting and even triumphant view of Christ, which rendered her conversation very impressive and instructive. It caused the distinguishing truths of religion, and the deep feelings of experimental godliness, to appear as *realities*, and gave convincing proof of their existence. To go into her room, was to get into a new world; the change was as great, as from a careless congregation into one full of the Holy Ghost.

She had always experienced a constitutional dread of the *pangs* of a gradual death. In the early stages of her sickness, she was beset with the apprehension of protracted sufferings and feared that her patience would not endure the test. God delivered her from what she feared. After she had become mostly confined to her bed, she expressed great gratitude that she had descended so near to the grave with so little suffering. She was surprised to find that she had endured no more. She could not call it *pain*, it was so easy to bear it with the patience given her. It was even rendered "sweet" by the reflection that "it was carrying her

home." The thoughts of home, she said, often made her actually forget her sufferings. "I am sometimes in pain," said she, "without seeming to know it." She panted for a world of everlasting purity. When reminded that she was going to her pious *parents*, she seemed not to regard it, but replied with emotion, "I am going, I hope, to a place where there is *no sin*." The thought of recovering her health and returning into the world, was very distressing to her. She earnestly desired to depart, and to be with Christ. In the beginning of March, she asked one who stood by her, whether he thought she should see the end of that month. Being answered in the negative, she replied with peculiar emphasis, "O! I *do* rejoice when I hear people say so." The time of her departure was, however, more remote. Her life gradually ebbed, without any abatement of her patience, till the 22d day of May, 1807; when she died, we trust, *to live for ever.*

In our last number we gave, with the likeness of the late Rev. Dr. Macwhorter, a summary of his character, from the sermon of his colleague. From the same eloquent and impressive discourse we now add the following extracts.

In the former part of his ministry, he was a pungent and popular preacher: and though the ardour of his addresses was necessarily abated by age, his sermons continued to be instructive, and were heard with affection by a people, who in his impaired voice still recognised the accents of a father. His preaching was solid, judicious, and often moving. It was not the transient glare of the comet; but the strong and steady light of the sun. He regarded with sovereign contempt the pretty brilliancies and fustian declamation of those who show us how an apostle did *not* preach.

In the services of the sanctuary, and in all his parochial labours, he added to faithfulness great method and punctuality; and, with a uniformity peculiar to himself, was always the same. He was a distinguished peace-maker; and by his skill in settling disputes, added to his other excellent management, he greatly promoted the harmony and strength of the congregation. A liberal contributor himself to all charitable designs, and possessing a happy talent to awaken the same disposition in others, he was the means of forming a ministerial and charitable people, as well as a

numerous and orthodox church. And though there are, in every place, some spirits which never can be excited by human influence to generous actions, he probably left as few of this description as can be found in any other congregation equally numerous. He was, I believe, in a great measure, the instrumental cause of the distinguished temporal and spiritual blessings which have been bestowed on the congregation, by keeping alive in them that public and charitable spirit which God delights to honour.

In every point of view, he was a great benefactor of the congregation; and you in return loved and revered him in no common degree. The delicate respect which you paid to him in advanced age, the full support which you continued cheerfully to afford him, when his power to serve you was impaired, and even after it had totally ceased, and your anxious attentions to him in his last illness, were instances of justice and ingenuousness which you must now review with satisfaction. They were instances of justice and ingenuousness of which he himself was tenderly sensible. *I leave*, said he with tears, *the kindest and best people that ever minister had.*

Yes, you loved and revered him in no common degree, as your countenances and conduct this day attest. But he is gone! and you will see his face no more! no more will his anxious soul weep over you and your children. You must go to him; but he will not return to you.....Yes, he is gone! He is removed from *you!*—alas! he is removed from *me! my father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!* oh! that I might catch his falling mantle, with a portion of his spirit, and be to you, in some degree, what he has been!

The occasion calls for a word of condolence to the bereaved *children.*

With heartfelt sympathy, my dear friends, I partake of all your sorrows. The extent of *your* calamity is not hid from me while I consider *my own.* Few there are that could have lost so much in a single friend: but instead of repining, you have reason to bless God that you had such a friend to lose. You have to bless God for sparing him to you so long; and yet more, that he has left you so rich a legacy in his examples and prayers. As Beza said of Calvin, and as Mather said of Flavel, *since your father is dead, life will be less sweet, and death less bitter to us.* Henceforth there will be less to bind our hearts to earth, and more to draw them towards heaven. May the examples of your deceased father

be set as beacons to direct your passage to glory. May the counsels of his love long sound in your ears; and the prayers which his quivering lips poured forth for you in the midnight hour, come up before the Lord as incense presented by the interceding angel. Deprived of your earthly parent, seek, I entreat you, a father in heaven who will never die. To his arms, who delights to be known as the father of the fatherless, I affectionately commit you; and pray that you may find in him a parent, and an everlasting portion.

I turn now to my afflicted congregation.

The awful event which has hung this house with mourning, and covered with grief our widowed church, *ought not*, and *must not* pass off merely with a few sighs and tears. It *ought* to be, and it *must* be improved as one of those solemn dispensations of Providence which are intended to rouse a whole people from sleep, to croud vast ideas through their minds, and to fix lasting impressions on their hearts.

This is the proper time, my beloved hearers, to call to mind the instructions which your deceased father imparted to you; the good examples which he set before you; his manner of coming in and going out among you, for a long course of years; and all the interesting intercourse which you had with him. If you would give scope to your thoughts, you might recal scenes that would awaken your tenderest affections, and truths that would render you as solemn as eternity. This is the proper time also to consider deeply the business on which God sent his servant among you; the reception which his heavenly messages met from you; the awful account which you must give of your improvement of them, when you shall meet your minister at the tribunal of Christ; and the influence which his ministry will have on your happiness or misery, ten thousand ages after the funeral of this world.

Know, then, that he was sent among you as an ambassador of heaven, to offer you, in the name of his God, terms of reconciliation. He was not merely your father and friend, but your watchman, an officer of Christ, whose commission was received from heaven, and whose ministry and its effects have been attentively noticed from the throne of the omniscient God.

How he executed this commission, God is witness; and you are witnesses against yourselves. *Wherefore, I take you to record this day that he is pure from your blood.* He opened to you the

great doctrines of grace. He taught you the original fall and total depravity of man. He pressed upon you the absolute necessity of being born again, by the supernatural operation of the spirit of God on the heart. While in one hand he offered you *the unsearchable riches of Christ*, with the other he pointed the curse of a broken law against every unregenerate sinner. He confined not his labours to the pulpit; but watched those softer moments of speaking which promised him easier access to your hearts. He visited your chambers of sickness, and counselled and prayed by your beds of pain. With his paternal sympathy he soothed your griefs. While he wept for you, he wiped the tear that trembled in your eye. He warned and entreated you in private. He catechised you when you were children; and laboured, by prayers and tears, to imbue your infant minds with the love of Christ. These things he did; and these things are recorded in the rolls of heaven, to be preserved in *everlasting remembrance*, and to be exhibited on your trial at the last day.

The doctrines which he taught you he did not indeed seal with his blood; but he gave a confirmation of them in his death no less decisive. His dying eye said to us, in language not equivocal, "support these precious doctrines, and they will support you." We saw his arms extended towards heaven, with passionate desires to depart, but five minutes before he expired. We saw, after motion had ceased, his still intelligent eye fixed with pity on a weeping child, looking unutterable things, as though he wished to express what he discovered on the confines of the eternal world. In that precise posture he lay, preaching all his doctrines over again from the very vestibule of heaven, until his eyes closed; and in one minute he was gone! We had followed him so near the precincts of light, that imagination could almost see him fly and enter in! He had looked back and spoken to us with his eyes, so near the heavenly gate, that we seemed almost to hear his voice, the next moment, among the choir of the redeemed! we seemed almost to see the companions of his youth pressing forward to embrace and welcome him to glory; and to hear their loud congratulations! Then it was that I felt the reality of that separate state of conscious being of which he had so often spoken. "There flies that soul," said I, "which but just now spoke out of those swimming eyes! Yonder is my father, whose accents have been so fa-

miliar to me, and with whom I went *to the house of God in company!*"

Yes, while his body lies insensible before you, his soul still lives in a conscious state.—He loved you much; and in the abodes of bliss will, I doubt not, often think of you. Perhaps he may sometimes pass this way, to mark how you improve the instructions which he left among you, and whether you are coming after him to glory. I have a strong persuasion that his former family and flock will not be wholly excluded from his present cares. Perhaps he will sometimes visit our *assemblies*, to hear those truths repeated which he so often preached, and to observe their effects on you. Perhaps he may *now* be present!—Sainted Spirit! hast thou come to witness our griefs? do I see thee hovering over our assembly? O! if thou wouldst speak to us now, thy doctrines would no longer be unheeded! Alas, he speaks no more! His ministry among us is then for ever closed, and sealed up to the judgment of the great day. Nothing can be added to it, or taken from it. He has done what he had to do, and has returned to him that sent him. But his ministry has not done with *us*. Think not, that, except tears and tender remembrance, you have nothing more to do with your deceased pastor. As the Lord liveth, you shall meet him again. When the dissolving heavens shall open, and disclose the Son of man, coming in clouds to judge the world, your father, we trust, will be in his glorious train. And when the convulsions of that day shall burst the dormitories of a thousand generations, his sleeping body will rise! Then, he who baptised you, he who catechised you, he who warned and wept over you, shall stand with you in judgment. Then, all the scenes which have passed between you and him shall be examined, and an account taken how you improved his ministry in general, and each sermon in particular. Every hour that you sat under the sound of his voice, shall be found to have been big with life or death. The effects of improving or resisting his ministry, shall be felt through every hour and moment of eternity! Oh! did you consider this while your minister lived? did you consider this while his agitated soul was pleading over you? did you consider this while you were bearing his clay-cold body to the house of God? did you consider, that you were attending one who must be a witness, either for or against you, in the day that shall decide the destinies of all men, and whose ministry must either help you to heaven or sink you

in hell? I see some of you tremble. But the half has not been told you. If a review of his ministry be so overwhelming at present, what will it be in the day of judgment! *If in the land of peace, wherein you trust, it has wearied you, then how will you do in the swelling of Jordan?*

My dear hearers, I ask each of you what account your translated pastor has already given of you in heaven? What *had he* to relate? what improvement have you in fact made of his ministry? Have you embraced the Lord Jesus Christ through his instrumentality? or have you rejected all his earnest entreaties? I suppose that the greater part of those who hear me, are either his spiritual children, or they who for years have slighted his invitations.

You who are his spiritual children, have lost a father indeed, and have good reason to remember him more than any other created being. Your case awakens peculiar compassion; for you have lost, (so to speak,) *your all*, and can never see his like again. *For though you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus he hath begotten you through the gospel.* And though all other men should forget him, by *you* he will surely be had *in everlasting remembrance*. Yet let your hearts be cheered with a prospect of enjoying a more perfect union with him in a better world. *The seals of his ministry* you are, and are reserved to be *his crown of rejoicing in the presence of Christ*. And I doubt not, that after all earthly ties shall have ceased, between you and him will subsist a special and most tender union for ever. You shall find all his predictions of good fulfilled: and when your happy souls shall feel their accomplishment, "high in salvation and the realms of bliss," *then shall you know*, to your everlasting joy, *that a prophet has been among you. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.*

Others, I fear, there are, who, though he was to them *as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice*, have never accepted the message which he brought them from God. Content with loving the man, and weeping perhaps under his affectionate sermons, they have never repented of their sins, nor bowed to the sceptre of Christ. Such will yet know, alas! when it is too late, that more than a soother of their ear, *that a prophet of the Lord has been among them*. When they shall feel the curse which he denounced, for ever fastened on their souls; when every sermon which he preached shall be as a thunderbolt, riving the nerves of

their hearts, then shall they know, to their eternal confusion, *that a prophet has been among them.* In the regions of hell, equally as in heaven, our father and his ministry shall be had *in everlasting remembrance.* Oh! how will they look back to the days when they sat under the melting voice of their minister! to seasons when tears of compassion choked his words, as he entreated them to have compassion on themselves! "Ten thousand worlds," they will cry, "for one more sermon, for one more prayer, of our ancient minister!" but it will be too late.

Are there not some in this assembly, who have lived ten, twenty, or thirty years under his ministry, who are yet unreconciled to God? Are there not some whom he baptised more than forty years ago, who still remain aliens from the commonwealth of Israel? Are there not some who can remember the day of his instalment; who have sat under his calls during the whole course of his ministry; and instead of growing up for heaven, have grown grey in sin, and are now almost ripe for judgment! Almighty God! pierce their hearts with conviction, ere thou smite them with thy curse!

All those who remain uninterested in the blessings of the gospel, at the close of our father's ministry, I adjure, in the name of God, to make a solemn pause. Pause, I beseech you, at this awful crisis. Your minister is gone; and you are not the better for him! He came on God's errand, he delivered his message, he has done his work, and returned; and *you have rejected his ministry! the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved!* Is there then no hope? Yes, blessed be God! one hope remains: set your anxious minds to recollect the doctrines which he taught, and the duties which he inculcated; and hasten to believe the one, and practise the other. O! yield for once, to the voice of anxious friendship! Or, if the accents of our *living* pastor be unheeded, listen, I conjure you, to that reverend voice which seems to issue from the eternal world; from a soul which now has seen the amazing rewards or torments in reserve for you. Methinks I hear him cry, "O my poor dear people! whom I laboured so long to save; do not let my ministry crush you to the lowest hell!" Heard you not that voice? and *can* you resist it? No, you *cannot*, you *must not*, you *shall not*, if prayers or tears can move you. I will deluge you with my griefs; I will kneel and clasp your feet. By the shades of your pious fathers, who also stretch

forth their hands to you; by the bowels of Christ, hear that voice from heaven, which on earth you disregarded! Ye who have slumbered away an inestimable season, never to be recalled; days that are now "with the years beyond the flood,"—awake! At this late hour, arise to improve his ministry: that when the radiant Saint shall bend his eye toward the earth, to see whether the seed, sown in this beloved garden, shoots, he may have the joy to see it spring up in your hearts, and not the grief, (if grief could be in heaven,) to discover that his labours will prove an eternal curse to those whom he loved. Eternal Mercy! grant that thy servant, like another Sampson, may do more execution in his death, than in his life!

And now, farewel, thou man of God! my father! my friend! Sweet be thy sleep in the tomb! and kind be thy thoughts of us in heaven! Thou hast left me alone, and I am solitary and weak. Yes, I am weak and solitary, O my friends! crushed by the weight of so great a charge, I cannot lift up myself. I need and intreat your prayers. I need your candour, your sympathy, your counsel, and your support. Entreat God for me, that I may sustain the weighty charge with prudence, fidelity, and success; that, like David, I may go forth, though it be only with a sling and a stone, in the name of the God of the armies of Israel. It comforts me to remember the prayer which Solomon offered in his distress, when left alone by his father to manage the affairs of Israel. He complained that he was as weak and unskilful as a little child. But he asked wisdom of God, and the Lord gave it to him. I will remember this; and I will also press to my bosom the paternal words of my dear departed friend: *God will give you strength according to your day: only trust in him, and he will support you under every trial.* By the happy accomplishment of this tender prediction, may *I also* find that *a prophet has been among us.* Grant it, O my God! through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Some extracts from the Diary of the United Brethren's Mission among the Hottentots, at Baviansklоof, 1806.

January 1st. Our church was completely filled, partly by great numbers of christian strangers, Hottentots, and slaves.

Many of them declared afterwards their thanks for the blessing conferred upon them on this occasion.

6th. Being Epiphany, we had hoped to have celebrated this festival in peace, and had postponed the Holy Communion, which ought to have been held on December 28th, to this day, with a view to give it more solemnity. Thirteen adults and two children were to have been baptized. But alas, the events of yesterday put a stop to all these transactions for the present. Among those to be baptized were six men, two of whom are now on their march to the army. The women are grieved about the loss of their husbands, and the minds of all our people were more or less in a state of agitation. We therefore had only a solemn meeting with the aged or infirm men, and the women and children who had staid at home, in which we communicated to them the history of the day, from the scriptures, and thanked our Saviour in fervent prayer for the mercy he had likewise shown to the heathen in this country. We likewise fervently commended those of our people, who are now gone to the Cape, to his merciful preservation in soul and body, as they may perhaps be even called upon to face an enemy. Nor did we omit to offer up our supplications for our other missions in every part of the world, and for all our congregations in Europe and America. The powerful sense we had of the Lord's presence with us filled our hearts with peace and comfort.

8th. Being the anniversary of laying the foundation stone of our church, seven years ago, and of its consecration the year following, we resolved to celebrate it with all our people present, and to have the baptismal transaction, intended for the sixth. This solemn act took place at three o'clock, when four men, seven women, and a child, were baptized into the death of Jesus; two of the men, who were to have received baptism, were at the Cape. In the evening we partook of the Lord's supper. Our merciful God fulfilled his gracious promise unto us, so that in the midst of tribulation we had peace in him.

19th. The whole country was refreshed by a plentiful shower. The drought has been so great, that not only all the grass in the fields is withered, but we could hardly keep the fruits in our garden alive. Our mill had stopt for want of water, and we were obliged to send our corn elsewhere to be ground. We offered up public thanksgiving in the Litany for this most seasonable relief.

Two Hottentot soldiers, belonging to Schwellendam, came hither to-day, one of whom was wounded, having a ball in his shoulder blade yet unextracted. They begged leave to rest here a few days. A child was baptised to-day, by Brother Marsveld, at the earnest request of its parents.

20th. The rain continued very heavy all day. A widow, Mary, departed this life happily. She was baptised by Brother Schwinn, in 1804, during a fit of illness, and since that time has walked in communion with our Saviour. The sisters visited her frequently, and were always edified by her conversation. She was once asked, whether she was afraid to appear in the presence of God? To which she answered, "O no, I rejoice that I shall soon see my Saviour face to face." In this disposition of heart, and full of child like resignation to his will, she continued to her last breath.

23d. One of the baptised, Mark Brongen, departed this life unexpectedly. He had been in the evening-meeting, and went apparently in good health to bed. Towards morning he waked his wife, but could not speak to her. She offered him some water, but he was not able to drink it, and soon expired. She came immediately to tell us that he was dead. Supposing that he was only in a fainting fit, we used every means in our power, to recover him but in vain. In the afternoon his body began to swell, and it was supposed that he was killed by the poison he frequently swallowed, to keep himself in readiness to help others; for he was the most skilful practitioner here, in the art of curing people bitten by serpents and other venomous creatures. To be able to do this, they accustom themselves to take poison; and thus can bear a great dose without harm. His loss will be severely felt in this particular, as he was very successful in his practice.

30th. To-day we yielded to the pressing request of fourteen Hottentots, and permitted them to live on our land. We represented to them, that unless they sincerely meant to believe in the gospel, and devote themselves to our Saviour, they would find the rules of a christian congregation intolerable, and not be able to live in conformity to what the word of God demands. But they persisted, and said, that they had no other view, but to be truly converted to Jesus, and could not again mix with the heathen.

31st. We had a conference to consider of the state of all our people, having spoken with each of the communicants and baptized. We rejoiced to find that the Holy Spirit continues to ex-

plain to them, more and more, the things of God; and even such, of whom we have hitherto believed, that they did not bestow much thought upon themselves, seem to have been awakened anew. They acknowledge their sins, and total depravity by nature, and long to become partakers of salvation, through the blood of Jesus: that he loved them unto death, and shed his blood to redeem them, is a doctrine precious to their souls. For that mercy, that he sent his word to them also, they express the greatest gratitude. Some declared their earnest desire to be restored to their first love, and their sorrow that they should so little show their sense of our Saviour's love to them in their whole walk, &c.

February 1st. We partook of the Lord's supper. Eight Hottentots were spectators, previous to confirmation next month, and seven as candidates. It was to us all a season of much comfort and refreshment.

6th. The Sisters were all employed in drying peaches. It is remarkable, that this year the baboons have not descended from the mountains to visit our garden, which they always used to do in troops. Having been frequently fired upon, they seem to forsake us, and to visit the crops of our neighbours, on the other side of the hills. But we have suffered more than ever from various sorts of vermin, caterpillars, locusts, and a species of ground-fleas, which, if not prevented, devour all kinds of garden-stuff quite to the ground. There is likewise a bird not unlike a starling, which does much mischief, by picking the fruit from the trees, and flying off with it. They are particularly fond of figs and grapes, and are very bold, always returning immediately, though one or more of the party are shot.

9th. We had a large proportion of white people at church. Last night one of our women met with a very providential escape. She was lying asleep, when a large serpent waked her by crawling across her face and body. She lay quite still, fearing to stir, till the animal had retreated, without injuring her. She now came, and expressed great thankfulness to God for her preservation, in which we cordially joined.

March 1st. Two men and two women obtained leave to live on our land.

2d. We read the Governor's letter to our congregation. Five children were baptized to-day. We also had the pleasure to receive a letter from the Lutheran minister at Capetown. He writes:

"I return you many thanks for the loan of the minutes of the conference of Lutheran and other ministers at Hernhut. It gave me very great joy to perceive by them, that things are not quite so bad, in respect to the Christian religion in Germany, as I had been led to fear; and I even hope, that it may grow better, if but each of us, instead of watching the failings of others, were sincerely bent upon following the injunction of the apostle, "So run that ye may obtain;" and if we did not sit idle in that sphere of action, which is appointed to each of us. May God bless you with his grace, and with health, and strengthen you and your faithful Brethren at *Gnadenthal*;" (a name given by Govenor Jansen to the particular place at Baviansklooof, where the Brethren and their people dwell, meaning the Vale of Grace,) "I respect them highly, and entreat you to commend me to their remembrance and prayers."

7th. An aged Hottentot, called Wildboy, came to one of the Missionaries, and addressed him thus; "It is high time that I tell you my whole heart. Our Saviour has a company here at Baviansklooof; they are *his* children. The devil has likewise a company, and they belong to *him*. Among the latter, I am the oldest at Baviansklooof: but I tell you now, that I will no longer be the oldest of the devil's company, but I will come and be the youngest in our Saviour's company." On inquiring how long he had been here and heard the gospel? he answered; "Above ten years." Q. Have you not heard that Jesus is come as a Saviour, offering salvation to all poor sinners? A. "Yes, I have. It is that very word that follows me every where; and I believe that Jesus is greater than the devil: therefore I bid farewel to the devil's company, and beg you and your Brethren to think of me before the Lord Jesus, that he may have mercy upon me, and prepare me to be a candidate for baptism." He was shortly after added to the candidates.

26th. We were informed that a Hottentot man, called William Brongen, who formerly lived here, but on account of his worse than heathenish conduct, and murderous designs against his own brother, was sent away, had fallen from his waggon near Capetown, and both wheels passing over his body, he was so much hurt, that he lost his life. However, the Lord, in mercy, granted him time and grace to repent: he confessed his sins and cried for pardon; saying, that he deserved it all. The sudden death of his

brother Mark, (January 23d,) had greatly disturbed his mind; and his conscience being now awakened, he turned with prayer and tears to the Lord for mercy. We trust, he has been snatched as a brand out of the burning. His father was present, and was commissioned by him to tell us, how sorry he was for the grief his bad conduct had put us to, and that he earnestly begged our forgiveness.

27th. An Hottentot couple was married in our church.

April 1. A slave, living about three day's journey from hence, sent us a dollar, desiring that we might distribute it among the cripples and lame people. This man is earnestly seeking for salvation, and has frequently been here. He used to stay during the whole of the Passion-Week, but is now prevented from coming by illness. He begged us to pray for him. The Passion-Week was celebrated in the manner usual among us; and on Maundy-Thursday, we partook, in the Holy Communion, of the Lord's body broken, and his blood shed for us, for the remission of sins; remembering with heartfelt compunction, the bitter agony and death of our Saviour. Several were present as spectators, and one was re-admitted.

In the evening, some visitors confirmed the news we had already heard, that it had pleased the Lord to take home to himself our venerable friend Mr. Schmidt, at Cape-town. He was near eighty-four years old, and always approved himself as a most faithful and hospitable friend to our missionaries.

May 4th. A Hottentot woman, who lives about an hour's walk from hence, came to us, having just recovered a little from a very heavy illness. She expressed her earnest desire to find peace and pardon with God: and added, "O pray for and think of me, for I assure you, that nothing but the anguish of my mind, could have made me creep hither in my weak state of body."

14th. To-day, one of our baptized Hottentots, Philip Titus, departed this life happily. He was baptized the 2d of April, 1804, by Brother Marsveld; and we are able to declare, that, from that time, he approved himself as a child of God, by which he not only gained the esteem of his countrymen, but was much respected by the neigbouring farmers, one of whom supplied him with necessaries during his illness. Towards the end of last year he was afflicted with a dropsical complaint, and suffered much pain. All of us visited him frequently, and endeavoured to apply every thing in our

power to mitigate his sufferings. We always found him humble, yet full of joy and peace, steadfastly looking to Jesus, and rejoicing in the prospect of a happy eternity in the presence of his Redeemer. But great as our satisfaction in regard to this dear man was, so great was our grief on account of the conduct of his wife Rachel, who not only neglected her poor helpless husband in his illness, but even ran off with a Dutch deserter. About eight days before her husband's decease, she returned, and entreated his forgiveness for her unfaithful conduct. He assured her of the same; after which, to the surprise of all our people, she tended and nursed him with the greatest assiduity. Shortly before his departure, one of the Missionaries was called, who offered up a fervent prayer, commending his dear-bought soul to his God and redeemer. Mention being made in the prayer of his wife and children, who were commended to the mercy and protection of our Heavenly Father, the poor disconsolate woman began to weep, groan, and tremble all over. Before the Missionary had concluded, his soul went over into a blissful eternity, his wife closed his eyes amidst loud weeping. God grant that her repentance may proceed to real conversion of heart.

In these days we spoke with all our communicants. One of them said; "I used to feel much malice against others, and found that thereby I lost sight of our Saviour and suffered damage in my soul; but since I have had the grace given me, to know that this is a great sin, I call upon our Saviour to help and deliver me from it, and he has changed my disposition."

Extract of a Letter from Brother C. G. Schnellber, in St. Kitts, dated Jan. 26, 1807.

"You may have heard before now, that it has pleased the Lord to take home to himself, on the 12th of December last, our beloved Brother, *Eusebius Williams*. A large company, both of white people and negroes, attended the funeral. My mind was deeply affected with sorrow for the loss of this valuable young Brother, while I delivered the funeral discourse. Both the Missionaries and all the members of our negro congregation, had gained great love and esteem for this dear Brother. His discourses in our church, and his exhortations to our people in town and country, were accompanied with much power and unction; and his heart was full of love and humble zeal, in promoting the spread of our Lord's kingdom. He

was willing to do any thing in his power to be useful in the Mission: we had therefore promised ourselves very essential assistance in his services. To gain souls for Christ was his heart's desire and delight: and such are the men we want in the service of God in this Mission. But who can know the ways and purposes of the Lord with his servants?

"After being very active in the labour among the catechumens communicants, on the 14th of November, he was seized, on the 15th, with a fit of the malignant fever, then prevailing in the island; and on the 18th, the physician pronounced his case to be dangerous. However, the Lord heard our fervent prayers, and restored him to us, so that in a short time he could again do his duty in the church. Yet he continued to complain of weakness and frequent head-aches, but always expressed a hope, that he should soon be well, having been formerly troubled in the same way in England.

December 11th, he took a short ride for the benefit of the air, and returned home seemingly much refreshed. My wife, who always behaved to him like a mother, persuaded him to take a little broth, after which he called upon Brother Procop, and conversed with him as usual, very cheerfully, when on a sudden he gave a shriek, his eyes were fixed, and he fell off his seat. The physician being immediately sent for, all possible means were tried for his recovery, but without effect. In the afternoon he was carried to his own dwelling; but though he still moved his right arm and feet, he remained speechless, and his pulse was no more perceptible. At eight o'clock in the morning of the 12th, he ceased to breathe.

Thus this dear and faithful Brother was taken from us, and we and our whole congregation cannot but weep over his loss. May the Lord of the harvest soon prepare and send forth other labourers, who with the same devotedness of heart, love to the negroes, and zeal for the cause, may serve him in this place."

Extract of a Letter from Brother C. F. Richter, dated St John's Antigua, December 21, 1806.

"We arrived here on the 12th of October last, and found our Brethren and sisters all well.

"We experienced immediately the good effects of the indefatigable pains taken by our dear late Brother Eusebius Williams, both during our abode in London, and on the passage, to teach us the English language, by which we were enabled, without loss of time,

to begin our labours, and to converse intelligibly with the negroes. This proved a great help to our fellow-labourers, as we could directly take our share in visiting the sick, and speaking with the people belonging to this very numerous congregation. We are quite at home here, and have gained a great love for our dear negro brethren and sisters. Brother E. Williams left us on the 22d of October, for St. Kitts.

"We loved this our dear departed brother most cordially, and you will all, no doubt, lament the loss of so hopeful and active a servant of the Lord in this mission. We know that the Lord might have spared him to us, if it had been his gracious will, and pray to be resigned unto him, who does all things well; but we feel the stroke severely, and earnestly entreat him soon to send us a brother equally well prepared by his Spirit, to succeed him, and to serve with the same gladness and unfeigned love and zeal."

Our late brother was in truth a humble follower of Christ, with whom he had found mercy and peace, and whom he knew and loved as his Redeemer. His peaceable and affectionate disposition, and the earnest desire, manifest in his whole conversation, to promote the welfare of those who were committed to his care, had gained for him the esteem and love of all who knew him in England, particularly of the scholars in the Brethren's school at Fulnec, in which he had been employed for some years as an assistant. On his arrival in St. Kitts, the negroes immediately gave him their confidence, and loved and regarded him as a man whose whole soul was intent upon serving them and doing them good. His labours therefore, though of short duration, were attended with the blessing of the Lord, and with good fruit. In teaching brother Richter the English language, he began already here to serve the cause of the mission, by thus qualifying the latter immediately to enter upon the labour.

FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Letters dated January 25, 1807, mention the well-being of our brethren there, and that the number of believing Hottentots at Baviansklоof had been increased in 1806, by fifty persons.

Owing to the weak state of health of the brethren Kohrhammer and Marsveld, they were not able to supply the camp with a missionary; and a Dutch missionary, Mr. Van der Ling, had been called to that station by general Baird.

By letters from London we understand missionary accounts from India have been received there as late as the 13th February, 1807. By them it appears that the missionaries at Serampore, have progressed far in the printing of the Scriptures in six languages, and the translating them into eleven. We also learn they have engaged a Burman Pundit, to assist them in making a twelfth translation.

The above statement will explain how far the laudable object has been obtained which was stated last year, when soliciting subscriptions to assist the efforts of these missionaries in translating the word of God into the Asiatic languages.

OBITUARY.

An account of the death-bed exercises and expressions of Mrs. Mary Flintham of Philadelphia, who died October 2, 1806. Concluded from our last.

Her husband now entered the room, whom she thus addressed, "My dear, I wished to see you. You now find me returned to my senses. God has permitted it to be so for a short time, that I might see and converse with you all once more before he calls me to himself,—which is a great privilege. God has heard my prayers, and what I am about to say will, I trust, be sanctified to your souls. You have seen me racked and tortured with pain and deprived of my senses, by which this poor body has been wasted away, so that it must shortly moulder in the dust. Yet, notwithstanding all, you see me, for the present, restored to my reason, and enabled to say O God! thy will be done; and to tell you that I know I am a child of God, and have his assurance that I shall live and reign with him,—as will all those who truly put their trust in him. As I am now on the verge of eternity and have but a little time to converse with you, you must not interrupt me.* I am soon to leave you all, and to go to my dear Redeemer. I have many dear friends there as well as here. I shall be with my dear mother; I shall see our dear little John, and your first wife,† whom I knew very well. We shall know each other, and shall wait your coming, and oh! we shall be a little family in heaven." Her husband here interrupted her, by telling her that he was fearful she would exert herself too much,—and, unwilling to realize the thought of her death, told her that she was bet-

* Fearful that she would injure herself by speaking, some of her friends were desirous she should forbear it.

† Mr. Flintham's first wife was also an example of eminent piety.

ter, and that he hoped she would be spared to him for many years. She replied, "Yes, I am better; in a sort I am well. I have not a pain nor an ache; and this, as I told you before, is a great privilege. Yet it will be but a short time that I am thus spared to you, before I must again suffer. But why do I call it suffering? It deserves not the name of suffering, when compared with what my Saviour endured; and he will be with me when I pass through the dark valley and the shadow of death." She here addressed to God a short prayer, that she might be supported in her last hours, and that he would sanctify to her relations the bereavement that was about to take place. She was exhausted by the effort she made; but after a short pause she again spoke of the Lord's goodness to her in times past, and urged those around her to love and serve the Lord; for, said she, "he will be good to your souls."

She often mentioned her friends, and particularly her father. She likewise spoke to her sisters about her infant child, and desired them to take care of it and to attend to its wants. Then turning to her husband she said, "Oh my husband! you have been good to me. I have been four years your wife, and it has been the happiest period of my life. My chief concern is at parting from you. This has given me the greatest anxiety since my confinement. But the time is now come when we must part. Yet, in a little while, we shall meet again. A few fleeting years, at most, and we shall be united, never, never more to part. We shall then, too, be joined with those that have been dear to us here. This, my dear, will be a happy meeting indeed. Oh! live near to the Lord; trust his promises and he will never fail nor forsake you."

She often spoke of the pastors of the church to which she belonged, and prayed for their success in the gospel ministry. She said they had been instruments in bringing her soul to God.

When she observed those in the room to be in great distress, she said, "Why do you grieve? You must not do it immoderately. I shall soon be with my blessed Jesus, and he has sweetened the grave for me. When I am gone, you may often talk of me, but do not distress yourselves, for I shall be with a blessed society. Oh my husband! you will shortly be with us, and we shall spend an eternity with our God. My dear, you must show yourself a man, and not grieve immoderately at my departure. I know your tenderness and sensibility. But you must remember that it is the will of God that we should part. He brought us together, and he has a right to separate us."

She then gave some more particular instructions about her children, and finally committed them to her God, who, she said, was able to supply both their temporal and spiritual wants. After this, she observed, that she wished the world not to know what she had said in this interview with her nearest friends, lest it should be considered as ostentatious. But she intreated those who had heard it to treasure it up in their own memories, and expressed a hope that God might bless it to their souls.

She remained entirely rational for about five hours, and then, agreeably to her own expectation and prediction, her fever and delirium returned. She had, however, some short intervals of rationality and recollection; in all of which she manifested the same heavenly mindedness, and triumph of christian faith and hope. But a few minutes before she expired, she spoke so as to show that she was perfectly acquainted with what was passing round her, and even gave some information relative to a fact which others had known and forgotten. She appeared to join in the prayers which were offered for her, when she could not speak; and availed herself of a short interval of the powers of utterance, to send a message to the minister of the gospel whom she particularly considered as her spiritual father. In this situation she languished for nearly four days after the conversation which we have recorded, and then, without a struggle, fell asleep in the Lord.

With what dignity does the christian religion enable its possessor to act! What magnanimity was here in a feeble woman, trembling on the brink of the grave! She comforts and counsels all her friends, gives instructions and directions about her children, views death with a smile, commits others, and her own soul, with holy confidence to her God, and looks into eternity with raptures of joy. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." This wish of Balaam is the dictate of human nature, the wish of all. But let all realize, that if they expect the wish not to be fruitless and vain, they must be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. They must "live by faith and not by sight." They must have that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Then, in their final hour, they may reasonably hope for that sensible presence of their Saviour, which shall enable them to say, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victotory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."